

THE WHOLE TRUTH
NOTHING OF TRUTH

IT IS APRIL, FOOL!!

Golden



Blatter

ANY SIMILARITY
IS INTENTIONAL

Vol. XXXII, No. 14, Z55

State Teacher's Normal Skool

Monday, April 1, 1940

SABOTEURS FORM; STONE GRADUATES

Sun Spots Cause Panic In Cave's Class While Jacobs Runs Wild Around Campus

By C. N. THINGS

Widespread effects of spots observed in the sun last week have just been made apparent to interested observers. Long the subject of many a back-yard controversy, sun-spots have been thought to be the cause of divorces, wars, burnt potatoes, and falling hair. However, it was not until this week when strange manifestations of the phenomena were recorded could an accurate check be made.

Locally, the ways of electrons set up by the spots produced some weird effects. "Stubs" Harvey, the glamer boy of a rival sheet, lost 40 pounds, dropping to a mere 185 of mass. Of course, the G.B. Harvey had to buy a new suit, which in turn overtaxed the textile industry, throwing the market into a mad panic.

About the time the spots were really going to town, Dr. Roy Cave habitually scratched his mustache with his forefinger. Sparks flew about the room, charging the atmosphere with electrical energy. The boys in the back rows woke up and started to take notes. The lovers in the middle of the room stepped holding hands in favor of something better to do, and the blind in the front row began to get an idea of what the lecture was all about. When last seen, Dr. Cave was fixing himself in a mirror, rubbing his mustache, and toying with a razor.

Harold Jacobs, the campus boy, reverted to type, clipped Don Kupper on the noggin, tore the knob off a door, opened a bottle of brew with his teeth, and gave Naja Fenchuk a resounding smack on the right cheek while in a romantic mood. Jacobs is still vibrating on a D.C. circuit, and other maids are hoping . . . waiting . . . hoping . . .

Kline Is Well Dressed Kiddo

In a stirring statement to the press, which stirred 48 people and a pot of fudge (by actual count) Fred Kline, treasurer, declared that student finances were in fine shape.

"I think it can get by with a size 36 trouser," he forwarded, along with a box of cigars, which I placed in my upper left hand pocket, next to my portable windshield wiper, which I bought from FitzGerald Friday. Declared Fizz, as he consumed the sale, "I hope that you don't get caught out in the rain. The last time it happened to me I had to wear a hat anyway."

Naturally interested in fashions, we pumped Kline on his recent fashion show, which he sponsored. "You were certainly lucky to win the prize," we offered. "But after all you deserved it. Fizz got a watch for being president of the sophomore class. The seniors certainly don't expect you to go to school naked."

"Ha Ha," he laughingly assented.

Troutline Killed Dead By Phriend

Teddy Troutline, sine qui non of history, was found murdered in his home on the Berkeley homestead late tomorrow. He was brutally attacked with an Encyclopedia Britannica, and hereby was also found a huge Webster's.

Foul play was suspected by Ghouley Gnatinger, chief of inspectors. Suspects are being rounded up and are being questioned as to their last grade received by Troutline, but so far the suspects have refused to talk.

Dr. Archave said he will put some of his best sleuths on the trail of all suspects to see that they do not communicate with one another. He also suspects foul play.

NOTICE SABOTEURS

Sign application on opposite side of page for Charter Membership in Saboteurs Union, Local 1/2. Meeting in Room 66 1/2.

No Gold Star For You Buddy

Staid and portly DeCalvus Simonson strolled into class punctually at ten minutes after the hour and as his majestic tread re-echoed through the almost empty room he whispered in your interviewer's ear: "I'm telling you, it's positively bad!"

Shaking off his impetuosity as over anxiety we queried, "Why do they call you Beatrice?" He continued, "Nobody is ever hear on time. Why down South . . ." Not to be put off, we insisted, "Why do . . . ?" But with a nod of his shaggy mane he objected, "Down South things were never like this. Why everybody is late to class and just because I spend a couple of minutes lecturing about it they all get mad. Why last time I finished talking about tardiness at about ten minutes to . . ."

Again we attempted to solve the problem which had been vexing us and started once again to ask, "Why do they call you . . .", but not to be denied DeCalvus muttered, "I can't understand it, why down South. . ."

No Gold Star for you this week Buddy!



Ascher Caught Swindling Kids

Dr. Lenny Ascher, noted economist, was apprehended today by Chief-of-Police J. Medelstein after a lengthy chase through the halls of Frederic Burk.

Ascher, once a noted authority in the field of political and economic science, is now just one of the mob.

Ascher was charged by D.A. Gibby, polished district attorney, for stealing ideas from the mental giants of the Frederic Burk laboratory and cashing in on their monetary value.

Stated Ascher, "It's a lie; it's a lie!"

Stated Medelstein: "It is not kosher."

Stated Gibby, "One of us is nuts."



Photo By Buzzard Studios

Stone Forsakes Our Fair Site

That Runner Stone will graduate this May was made a definite fact today in a special release to the Blatter by Philo Vans, registrar of the institution mentioned in another story.

Stone, who laid the foundations of the college in I've forgotten what year, will receive his diploma on May 24th in special pomp and ceremony. The Opera House has been hired for this stupendous event.

Captain of the ping-pong team for years, Stone hesitates to take such a gigantic step.

Rumors were floating around as to who would help the termites hold up the building when Stone graduates. So far, the field is wide open.

Robber Barons Swindle State; Much Land "Sold" By Sureptitious Phinks

By PHRED PHOOLE

One of the hugest swindles ever perpetrated was the sale of 56 1/2 acres of land by the Spring Valley Land company to the State of California for the San Francisco State College new campus.

ROBBER LAND BARONS

The Robber Land Barons, Spring Valley Inc., were indeed

Ko-op Phoils Anderson Mob

As students walked into the newly decorated and furnished co-op after the two weeks Easter vacation (with pay) they were delighted to see that the Saboteurs Union had been frustrated.

Spokesman for the organization, Robert "Bobbie the Beaver" Anderson declared, "Our union is divided into two divisions, gnawers and chiselers. The usual rate for a chiseler is what he can get; while a gnawer is entitled to the union scale of four pencils and a baseball bat per day."

Your correspondent later learned that the chiseler division did not refer to Fitts Gerald or anyone like him.

"Spring practice does not begin until April 22, so we will not do any work on the co-op until then," Anderson revealed. "It takes all of our time to collect our unemployment insurance."

Phirst Building Up At New Site

Dr. Acey Roberts, president of San Francisco State Teachers Normal School College on the Hill for Women, learned late last week from Leo C. Nee that the first building was erected on the new campus sight of the afore mentioned institution.

Nee reports that last Monday lumber was being hauled out to the new site and was visited by Acey. Early Tuesday morning, Nee rushed madly into Roberts' office and shouted, "The first building is up; the first building is up!"

Roberts replied, "What does it look like? How is it?"

"It's the finest two-holer you ever laid eyes on," answered Leo C. Nee, very, very nonchalantly.

delighted to get rid of these some 60 acres in the Ingleside-Lake Merced district for the tidy sum of 300,000 simoleans.

At the sale price of \$300,000, this amounts to about \$5,000 an acre, \$50 a square foot or 10 bucks a teaspoonful. One would think the State of California was buying a gold mine instead of a college campus site.

STATE GETS CHISELED

Let's see what they got for their 300 grand:

1. Fog and plenty of it.
2. Poison oak and lots of brush.
3. View of a three acre cabbage patch.
4. An immense gully running through the middle of the site, which will require grading and filling at a tremendous expense.
6. First hole and second tee of Ingleside Golf Course.

APRIL FOOL

Construction on this idyllic spot begins today, April Fool's Day, and with good reason. Here are some figures on assets released by the State department of education:

- Expected Assets:
1. Senate Bill 261, \$300,000 (received and spent).
 2. Allotment from Olson's budget, \$400,000
 3. Sale of present property, \$450,000 (can't sell it until we vacate).
 4. W.P.A. contribution, \$1,730,000 (actually gave us \$300,000).
- Total, \$2,880,000 (actual total, \$300,000).

Needed to complete project, \$900,000 (actually needed to complete project, \$3,150,000).

NEW CAMPUS IN 1960

Where is all the money coming from? We can't answer this one and neither can anyone else. Starting construction on April Fool's Day, 1940, we may expect to move to the new campus in 1960.

APPLICATION BLANK

Name

Box

Drop in nearest wastegasket.

BANKRUPTCY SALE

All furnishings in our lovely Phi Epsilon Mu mansion must go at this time

Everything is offered at exactly cost.

We need Sunday morning bail money.

COME AT ONCE TO

PHI EPSILON MU
MANSION

1942 Market St.

As the . . . REDITOR SEES IT

Campus

Sceetus Geetus

Such blighters. Such Scoundrels. Imagine not emptying the garbage cans on THIS campus. Why, that little piece of orange peel will give you sceetus geetus.

Statistics have proven that two square inches of orange peel if left in open air for 24 hours, contains enough sceetus geetus germs to kill four million people—and animals, too.

Students! Don't be misled. Don't let them give YOU sceetus geetus. Stand on your two feet, I mean stand on your rights. Make them take that orange peel away.

Peanuts—Nuts!

The decrepid conditions in Anderson hall are enough to make the students of this college shout with scorn.

Imagine! Peanuts, candy, and gum being sold in a science building. Its atrocious what the students will do. Gum is bad for you. So are peanuts. And candy is worse.

So what happens? They sell the stuff in Anderson hall. Mercy, what is the younger generation coming to, or where are they going?

LETTERS

TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

● I think that people what says history is made at night is nuts. History is made anytime. It's made night time, day time, twilight time and dinner time, not to mention Day light saving time and noon day dances. Who is this guy Joe Edelstein anyway?

I'd like to sight you a pacific example of what a little thing can do. Little things, which you think are insignificant, is very conducive.

The other day I neglected to say hello to a certain little blonde which is plenty nice but I ain't telling you her name. Now I'm not saying that she felt awful bad and I'm not saying that she didn't. I'm merely trying to show you what a little thing can do, both to a girl and to the people about her who you may think aren't effected. Well, that's what you think!

My stand is that it could cause a major upheaval of the world and here's how!

That little girl is feeling pretty low. She walks outside on her way home and even forgets to stop at 1942. In fact she is so sad as she crosses the street that she doesn't see a car whams coming and she natchurly gets killed.

Her folks are heartbroken.

Carters little liver pills do not help them.

Dr. X is called in, but to no avail.

Harold Jacobs even fails to aid their broken hearts.

Mr. Lewis advocates birds, but Louie Quartararo strains a muscle in his leg whistling. The grief stricken parents claim he is uttering fish mating calls and the situation is worse.

The executive board deliberates but three days before passing on the one dollar and sixteen cents for flowers. In the meantime Peggy "Mary Margaret" Smith is conducting a filibuster, attempting to attach a "rider" of a pair of silk stockings on the measure. After the measure the stockings are too small anyway.

Finally, ironically enough, the parents comitt suicide scarcely two days and fourteen hours before the flowers arrive.

At the next meeting of the board Izzie "Put my name be-

fore Gilkey's" Pivnick interposes to state that they can suffice for the funeral also. Thelma Schiller moves they be stricken from the minutes whereupon Witte declares that she isn't that small.

But we are getting ahead of our story.

The girls parents are even more well liked than the girl. In a sympathy strike every family on the block comitts suicide, just two days before the question of whether citizens should take more interest in labor problems is voted upon.

The strike sweeps the country. Prices in undertaking parlors leap sky high as Ascher's econ theories finally begin to bear fruit (other than nuts). Finally I am the only person left on earth. It's up to me to reclaim the world. I don't want to die anyway!

So, dear editor, in the future I wish that you wouldn't except any more advertising from the Locks East Coast Ampitheatres, because they lie to the public. I just proved it. History isn't made at night!

Yours sincerely,

Ale Rebblestein

Dear Editor:

WHAT THIS PAPER NEEDS IS A SCHOOL

Nothing ever happens here. A few fraternity dances are held, an occasional lecture, a Westminister meeting, a Music Federation picnic, a number of plays, a few basketball games, football rallies, Co-op get-togethers, Newman Club conventions, a score or more club meetings every day of the school year, a half hundred forensic meetings, a Radio Day, some intramural meets and probably a score of other meager attempts to put on stunts and special days, BUT, outside of that, there's not a darn thing to do here at State.

What we need here is a few hundred more students with other meetings, conventions, picnics, plays, special events and parades. It's a dull life we're living. In fact it's so darn dull that I'm practically flunking all of my subjects. (No foolin'.)

UNCOVERING CAMPUS LIFE

By SOPHIE PILLO

Ha-ha we've got the drop on you guys. We'll get in your hair and we'll sit and stare, but we'll know all about you.

COUPLES, STEADIES AND WHAT'LL YOU HAVE ??

Into everything. "Can I sell the cokes" Joe Edelstein was plenty disgruntled when his gal friend? Betty Berlin went out with her former steady from Cal a couple of weeks ago. Speaking of burnups, or were we—Donald McRitchie nearly sinks through the floor every-time any member of the opposite sex glances over his head.

Bob "Handsome is as handsome" does Wolfe is finding it a difficult matter to stay in the Rita De Andreis league. Yes, and have you noticed? Bob (Romeo) Chandler is now going with Mickey Gallagher. Bob has gone with nearly every gal in the school.

George (Red) Weekes, and Dave (Slim) Kerwin have certainly turned out to be lady killers. Every time Red goes to his box it's full of letters from some lonesome gal. As for Dave, once more he is sporting his senior ring, where has it been all these months? Which little girl had it Dave?

Jack Fisher has so much fun hugging all of the girls, he seems to have forgotten he ever had one of his own, or did he?

Where was Dolores Ferrari the day that Louise Vallarino visited school, Fred?

Watch Slip Madigan jump when 16th Street is mentioned. Yes, and "Tiger" Granucci turns a lovely red at the name Winnie Etrovich.

Gee, Fred Bender looks haggard and worn, could it be the social dancing which he so enjoys. Jim Martin appears slightly on edge, but it isn't from work, her name is Dorothy Tallafarro.

The little boys who persist in running around screaming "Orgy" look like Freddy Burk kids. Very annoying is the lad whose first name is Sam. Sam laughs, if you can call it that, so loudly that others nearly throw him out.

Since Lorraine Haffemeyer is in the hospital for an appendicitis operation, Runar Stone has been blue. Is he pining for the ford or Luddy Doo?

When some of the boys have nothing better to do of an afternoon ask Fran Jackson and Marsh Hansen what they do with themselves. Maybe they're like Jim Fitzgerald, they take rides in brand new Packards.

Hot-head Alexander Samuel Edelstein has got himself a girl. Three cheers for the red, white and blue. Her name is Vivian Silva. Such moon-eyes as Alex does make.

Johnny Finn is still jumping back and forth between Virginia Huff and Bernice Coakley. He has so much trouble making up his mind between the two that he has three or four other pretties on a reserve list.

Where oh where has Marsh Blum gone? Maybe he's found the girl of his dreams.

Sherman Grant, the guy with the mustache, has a sore arm from carrying that briefcase. Rumor is, the thing is full of clippings from his own column.

CRAZY PEOPLE

Marge Grier, kissing Tom Collingwood's picture, so much fun? Robert Cumming haunts the co-op to listen to jitterbug music and he can't jitterbug. Watch Bob Anderson run down the hall, he nearly knocks over every other character. See the smokers on the porch between classes, you'll probably be burned someday. Who cares?

So long all of you cats. Stay away from the dirt or your own paws will get dirty.

THE BAT'S BLISTER

By "Grub" Starvey

Friend: "Say, Jack, since Jeanie has been in the show business she's gotten some pretty swell parts."

Jack: "Yes, I've been noticing them myself."

Laurie: "Does my part give me a chance to please my public?"

Casebolt: "I should say so! You die in the first act."

Alex: "I know a pretty little co-op store girl who gets two hundred a week."

Joe: "I know. But what's her salary?"

Chas. Mauer: "How did you think I played the part of the idiot?"

Friend: "Wonderfully. You are a born idiot."

Slip Madigan has finally realized that critics are people who go places and boo things.

Boners found in various State exams:

A vacuum is an empty space in Rome where the Pope lives. (Ed Smith.)

When oxygen combines with anything else, heat is given off and other things. This is known as constipation. (Dave Kerwin.)

The cow furnishes milk. A calf is a young cow who furnishes jelly. (John Kraus.)

Elizabeth was the virgin queen of England. She was very successful as a queen. (Bob Sweetney.)

A city purifies its water by filtering it and then forcing it through an aviator. (Betty Zehnder.)

A dragon fly passes through all the stages of life from infancy to adultery. (De Calvus Simonson.)

General Braddock was killed in the Revolutionary war. He had three horses shot under him and a fourth went through his clothes. (Prof. Treutlein.)

Seats of Congressmen are vaccinated every two years. (Dr. Floyd Cave.)

Bricks Tired From Moving Back And Forth Says Stew

As the last brick in the impressive confines of Roberts Field was diligently sifted into a wheel barrel and two pairs of husky shoulders leaned to each handle we summoned enough courage to query Mr. Steward, boss of the local N.Y.A. candidates, on general conditions at the field.

"Is it true," we question, "that you use a whip?" "Not always," declared the pleasant leader. "Once in a while I just kick them or hit them over the head with a baseball bat. There's always a lot of them around. The baseball team doesn't need them anyway. We haven't had a boy hit by a batted ball in seven years while State was at bat, and some of them dust off the baselines while the game is in progress."

"I remember once in 1928 Lew Morris was hit on the leg by the catcher. I think he was trying to throw to second base."

"But tell me Mr. Steward, how many times have the bricks been moved from one side of Roberts Olympic Stadium to the other?"

"I can't say for certain. My main trouble is telling the bricks from the goldbrickers. I remember in 1930 Hal Garden and Ed Smith were standing with some other bricks and some new fellows moved them all over to the other side. It took us two weeks to extricate them. The rub was that we had to pay Garden & Smith for the time. Garden bought a new plate, while Smith invested his in a turkish 'double-action' towel."

KO-OP KOLLAPSE

On behalf of the student body in general, and to dismiss any doubt in the minds of individuals, Fred Kline, student body treasurer and importer of bottled goods, submits the following profit and loss statement for the Students' Co-op Store and Cafeteria.

Kline is offering a pie to the student who writes the best essay on "Shall We Quit Serving Beer in the Co-op?" Each essay must be accompanied with the tops of three members of the Deans Committee.

STUDENTS' CO-OP STORE

Profit and Loss Statement - June 1, 1939, to March 30, 1940	
INCOME	
Sales: Books	\$ 555.91
Textbooks (to FitzGerald)	100 1.03
Dirty books	50,000.02
Other Income:	
Pencil lead	999.99
TOTAL	\$51,556.30

EXPENSES	
Advertising	\$ 80.00
Postage	.03
Rent	150.00
Salaries	3.98
Sales tax deficit	.01
Alteration expense (on ledger)	1.50
Rubber bands	8,000.02
Beer for co-op manager	.10
Beer for kiddies	45.05
Cheese (for mouse)	.05
Mouse	.03
Grapefruit and life savers	50.01
Bribery and corruption	.68

TOTAL	\$ 8,331.46
CASH ON HAND	.22 8,331.68
PROFIT	\$43,224.82

CAFETERIA INCOME

Sales, Cigarettes	\$.15
Sales, Hamburgers	55,612.01

EXPENSE	
Horse	\$ 55.00
Bread	999.99
Bribery	.21
Cat	.29
Beer for cat	10.01
New cat	.29

TOTAL	1,015.79
PROFIT	\$54,627.37
TOTAL PROFIT from Cafeteria and Bookstore	.27

Stiff Box

GOLDEN BLATTER

Published whenever it is possible to fool the public and the faculty. Printed by Batty Lahders, Wino-typer. Fone Uno 000-4.

Subscribed to the Associated College Mess. Represented for irrational advertising by the Irrational Advert Ink.

RED ZENDER
Blatter-in-Chief

LUKE DYER
Head Moaner

RED ZENDER
Graft Manager

OEL C. EEN
1st Pencil Sharpener

Beatrice Fairfax
Advisor

-RIB 'N BUCKER-

(The Ritziest Gals on the Campus)

Come to our Blush-Covered Chapter Room NOW for a trial visit. There's nothing antique about us but our furniture . . . but it is expensive . . . really. If you don't have the scholastic average to join we welcome you as a pledge.

"IF YOU WANT TO BE RIGHT RITZY"

—JOIN—

RIB'N BUCKER — Immediately!

Robt. Sweeney Found OILED

Phresh Towels, Hot Showers Pheatured By Dean Phox

"Phresh towels for night owls, hot showers at all hours," proudly proclaimed Dean Jeremiah Phox as he proudly ran down the marble walk leading to the mens dressing quarters yesterday, which are conveniently located but a couple of steps from the basketball pavilion.

"State men are very fortunate in having hot showers at all hours," declared Phox. "I know of one college where they can only get lunch at 11 o'clock. Yes, they are quite fortunate."

A passing boy on N.Y.A., whose strap duty it is to give out towels all day to perspiring athletes, reiterated his stand. "Yes, as I'm dragging down my fifteen thousand a year and our coaches are being paid, they must continue to put out winning teams. USC beating us in track last week was disgraceful. Yes, I still think our players should get a second helping of training table. I don't care if some of them do take it home with them."

Science Gives Baby; Nuts Next

By PHIDELTY PHOO

I don't think that the science department should be left out of things. Music gave us Mozart, Doubleday gave us baseball, Jackson gives us a pain in the neck, but nevertheless, man and boy—science gave us the baby.

This is my problem. Let me work it out.

The science department doesn't like peanut shells in the hall. Personally I don't dislike peanut shells, although I'd rather have peanuts.

In fact, I like peanuts. Why doesn't the science department invent a peanut shell with wings, so they could fly right outside (the peanut shells).

After all, if they gave us the baby they should be able to do a comparatively easy thing such as

I honestly don't see why!

Madigan Shows Real Stuph

As lanky, likeable, effervescent, gawky and eccentric Jack "Slip" Madigan caged his 27th and 28th digits of the evening, we sauntered by and shouted, "How's it goin', Slip?" Engrossed in the game, Madigan enjoined us to wait a few minutes until half time was over and he would give us a few of the facts for which we were diligently looking.

"Is it true that after you scored 17 points in a practice game for State that the Gater declared that Jack Madigan, much abused center of the Gaters, is showing marked improvement?" we asked.

"Yes," declared Madigan. "They said I was lousy the issue before." Not being able to offer our customary "quick" reply, we interpolated, "How do you think you will go this year?"

Glaring at us balefully, Madigan shouted, "What if I do have to pay my own transportation again?"

Shut Up, It's Just in FUN, You Dope!

Alpha Phalpa Will Organize

There has been so many compliments this past year for the beautiful flowers and shurbery in our gardens facing the new U.S. Mint, that several students have felt that an organization extolling their beauty would be a good thing to have here at the college.

The rare camelias, the orchid plants, the rose garden, the broad sweeping lawns, the entrancing and playful fountains, the onyx fish pond and the broad and shading magnolia trees are but few of the rare and beautiful sights seen on our Buchanan street campus. We are jealous of them. We love them. Don't we gals?

That's why this new club, Alpha Phalpa, is being organized to admit only those who would perpetuate this exotic scene.

Editors at HOME All Day Tuesday Wednesday, Etc.

Swamp Discovered Plastered By "Go-Getum" Harold Jacobs

By PIDEITY FOO

1942 Undertable Agent

Bob "Swamp" Sweeney, erstwhile student body president, was found oiled to the gills late yesterday afternoon. Harold "Scotland Yard" Jacobs, undercover agent of the Blatter, discovered Sweeney in the gutter in front of College hall.

When questioned as to his condition, Sweeney could not blurt anything but gas, oil and water. He had been changing the oil in his car.

PHOO !!

PHOITHBOINDER PHASES PHACULTY

Phillip Phoithboinder, phamous philandering philanthropist, phooled phaculty phel-lows Phriday, phinding phrogs phloating phitfully at phaculty phish phry.

Moe Pedelstein Charged By Agent

Snug as two bugs in a rug, Moe Pedelstein, social worker, was very happy over the fact that the government had returned him \$4,000,000 on his income tax. Herby Hoover, income tax head, returned this money after he found thru his undercover agents that Moe had garnered such huge profits from his Coca-Cola rackets.

The Coca-Cola "business" in which Moe indulged, reaped him the highest profit of any business man in the country. However, it is expected that Undercover Agent I. C. You will press charges against Moe on the grounds that his business is a monopoly.

Moe refused to make a statement.

Ko-op Kiddies Kut Kute Kapers

Students in the Kollege who have been wondering where all those fur lined madonnas disappear to after alighting from luxurious automobiles in front of Kollege Hall finally have the answer.

The silly thing about it is that it was so obvious.

They are the women who work in the Co-op.

You'd be rich too if you had their set-up.

Just listen to it.

It's really good.

But here they are numerically.

- (1) Free lunches.
 - (2) All vacations with pay.
 - (3) All holidays with pay.
 - (4) Transportation from any point in California.
 - (5) A years subscription to the Chaser (optional).
 - (6) \$160.00 per week (I hope I didn't misplace the decimal).
 - (7) A cheery atmosphere (helloooooo Dearie!).
- Obviously, you can't beat it!

Prof. Tripegut Has Legit Beef

"People Stink!" was the startling statement issued today by Professor Montwhistle Q. Tripegut, head of the sexology department of San Bruno State college.

"I've noticed many times," Tripegut continued, "that there exists about certain individuals on this here campus a distinctive putrefactive odor. As a matter of fact, they carry with them a heck of a stink. Now, it's possible that I am prejudiced, but everywhere I seem to go, people smell to high heaven," concluded Tripegut, as a group of happy students loaded him into a disinfecting tank.

Are You NUTS ??

If so, join the Executive Board every Monday night.

Experience
Laffs galore
Learn how to bicker

Bull Sessions a Specialty

Run for Office Now—
You'll Always Regret It

CENSORED

EXTRA Mildness

EXTRA Coolness


EXTRA Flavor

WITH SLOWER-BURNING

Camels

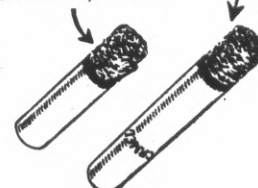
In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



SLOW BURNING—protects natural qualities that mean mildness, thrilling taste, fragrance...a cooler smoke...

FAST BURNING—creates hot flat taste in smoke...ruins delicate flavor, aroma...



After Bleats



By JOE CLEFF

The former perpetrator of this here-now (we quote one Simonson) column, one Sherman Grant, has been interred now these 20 hours after being in a Buchanan street gutter stiff and dead. Previous to being stiff and dead, he was just stiff. So be that as it may, we shall endeavor to resume his ramblings in the same incoherent manner he employed.

What certain blonde music major was hauled into municipal court with the following items in her possession?

- One ton of cocaine.
- One cello case containing one statue of Abe Shapiro.
- Three journalists.
- A book on what every young girl she be wary of.
- A tonic chord.

What violinist named Warren Kelly, whose name will not be mentioned here, walked into Ellay rehearsal the other day with lip-stick all over his kisser??

What Gater columnist named Stub Harvey modeled for the new Buicks?

What music major got boiled on the L. A. trip?

What music major didn't get boiled on the L. A. trip?

What brunette lovely lost her girdle down in Annex B last Tuesday? (After Bleats will return same on description.)

What?

We wish to take this opportunity to make public a fact which has been slowly undermining the whole structure of the music department and its naughty offspring, the Music Federation. We've had this beef in our craw for a long time, but we had to wait until Grant croaked in order to make it public. For years, this stigma has been haunting the poor, lonely souls in the lower alley, and we're going to see that the world knows about it. The fact is, and this is as true as—as—well, it's almost true.

It seems that one Bill Garzoli, the big tough guy of the department, has a soft spot in his impregnable nature. The name of the soft spot is Janet Gerard. It's a sin and a shame, because few people know that Janet is really 74 years old and has 23 grandchildren in a city called Phoithboinder.

We feel better now. We feel as if we have saved a soul from a fate worse than comprehensives.

"Chaser" Stinks Declares Pundit

That the Chaser stinks is no mean idea. Dim Martin, editor of the filthy sheet, is most perverse in his manner, and as a result, this so-called college magazine, supposedly humorous, reeks with the morbid philosophy of its editor.

This magazine is the brain-child of two or three screwballs, nuts, bolts, et. al. who were at State two or three years ago, and were tossed into the cold cruel world because they spent too much time trying to think up smutty jokes to tease the unlearned college freshman.

For moral lessons on how to gain friends and alienate people, read the Chaser. If you don't it will go broke.

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SEX BOARD MINUTES

April 1, 1940.
The meeting of the Executive Board was called to order at 3:17 a.m. in a gutter immediately opposite 1942 Market St. by President Bob Sweeney. Roll was called and Ed Smith was noted sober. Minutes were approved as collected.

COMMITTEE REPORTS

1. Finance: Music Federation requested \$17,000 to replace bus wrecked on L. A. trip. Witte moved, nobody else stirred. Money granted on condition Annex B be left as security.

2. Latrine: Fastad asked for committee to investigate sorry conditions of loge seats in salle-poules-femmes. Male members of board woke up long enough to volunteer.

3. Activities: April 17, to be set aside as shoot-your-mother-in-law day.

April 24, Bib'n Tucker asks for date to exhibit young bride's torso. Correction: Trouseau.

All dates approved.

COMMUNICATIONS

1. Art Federation demands justice in case of Dean's Committee vs. Art Fed. Federation refuses to relegate art by putting brassieres and panties on nude sketches. Matter referred to lingerie committee.

2. Mr. Gene Markey of Hollywood demands damages for injuries sustained by his wife, one Hedy Lamarr, during Music Federation raid in Los Angeles.

3. Fairmount Hotel asks won't we please return elevator containing two blonde chambermaids missing after Frosh Hop.

4. Hamfat Edelstein and Jack Madigan write thousand-word communication requesting five-minute recess to panhandle drunks for "just one more beer." Recess denied unless drunk is in sight.

NEW BUSINESS

1. Polite starts filibuster. Junior Edelstein (not to be confused with Hamfat Edelstein) busts the filly on the chin and meeting resumes.

2. Peggy Smith snores. Sweeney forced to kick her to preserve dignity of meeting.

3. Faculty is non-existent. Grade point averages and constitution of faculty and administrative heads have not been turned in to the executive board. The faculty is now a renegade organization and will not be recognized by student body. Suggestions made for one week of feast, jubilation, and bacchanalian orgies to celebrate the tidings. Matter referred to orgy committee.

Witte gets hiccups. Dormant

board members are awakened by terrible rasping and offer remedies. Kline states that he always gets rid of hiccups by holding bag over mouth, but he forgets her name at present. Jackson suggests carbon monoxide. Sweeney suggests screaming. Screaming brings police. Recess granted.

Meeting resumed at 3:01 a.m. in drunk tank of Northern Station. Because of the fact that Sweeney's mouth tastes like flannel, and that Ed Smith is no longer sober, but dead, the meeting is adjourned. Respectfully submitted,

Half Witte,
Secretary.

TWO HOUR INTERVIEWS

"What's your idea of an ideal mate?" was the question asked of all and sundry by Lizzie Magill-cuddy, peripatetic reporter, and what answers she received—

"A brown-eyed, sarong-wearing Tahitian is my idea of a perfect mate. Moonlight and shadows—Wow!"

Lester Anderson.

"My ideal must be able to make his own clothes, and be strong enough to put them on. If he can cook, too—YIPPEE!"

Alice Sweeney.

"I like 'em soft and chubby, myself. Gimme a gal I can throw."

Galen Harvey.

"One with a steady income, able to support me in the way in which I am unaccustomed."

Jim Martin.

"Right now I have a headache."

Dorothy Taliaferro.

"She must be a home-loving, cheerful, sweet and sincere little armful of femininity."

Lester Swanson.

"Just give them to me one at a time."

Kenny Young.

"First of all she must have a million dollars. After that, nothing matters."

Walt Lerner.

WANT ADS

WANTED — One (1) white cane. Contact Claude "Golden Glow" (not of youth) Hanrahan, Post Box No. 1 or phone Glen Ellen 6666.

WANTED — A base hit. Contact "Geronimo" Coshaw, Post Box No. 2 or leave in canoe moored on bank of Sacramento River somewhere north of the Indian Reservation.

WANTED — Company — Am bored with "B" girls. Desire to meet young lady with intellect to match complexion. Bob Sweeney, Box 3 or nearest hair lotion parlor.

WANTED! 100 RADICALS—
Are you willing to stick your neck out for the cause?
Are you a confirmed anti-everything?
Do you object to rules and Regulations?
If so, write, wire, or walk To
DELTA SIGMA DEBATE OFFICE
Comrade H. Bartells, Organizer

Join Now !!

ARE YOU A FRATERNITY MAN? IF NOT — WHY NOT?

It is easy enough. Our large number shows this. For details visit us on Fraternity Row. You can't miss it.

IT'S THE ONE WITH THE BIG SIGN
ALPHA BLOTTO of TAPPA KEGGA BEERA

Extemporaneous Lites By Fizz

Pork pie, bow tie, no knowledge. Joe Kollege. This is a thumb nail description of a one Mr. James Fizz GERAL, who owns the yellow Packard convertible sedan.

Fizz stated to the reporter that he has planned to use extemporaneous lighting on his car. It'll be recindful if the movation does not catch on.

Jake, the boy with the tooth-paste smile, asked Fizz if he did not think he should ring the idea. Fizz replied, "Be pacific, be pacific!"

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